365

THE CONTEST.

A

POEM.

——————— Here comes
Of the Houſe of MONTAGUES.

Romeo and *Juliet*.

——————— GREGORY,
Remember thy ſwaſhing Blow. *Ibid.*

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THE

CONTEST, &c.

HAPPY the Man! whom Independence wings
Far from the Smiles of Courts, and Frowns of Kings:
Happy the Man! whoſe mighty Soul diſdains
Imperial Honours, link'd with ſervile Chains;
Whoſe Soul, like the firm Adamant, can brave
Oppreſſion's Iron Rod;--- or ſtem the Wave
Of foul Corruption;---who can nobly dare
To die in Freedom's Cauſe, while Freedom's dear.
Happy the Man! but where is to be found;
Tell me of one, whoſe Principles are found?
********---- Can Virtue boaſt a fairer Son?
********, on whom her Influence long hath Shone!

THO' Satire, like the pois'nous Adder, rage,
And blaſt his Name in her envenom'd Page;
Tho arm'd, like Fame, with many hundred Tongues,
She bellows forth Reproach with brazen Lungs:
Tho' to dread Vengeance ſhe devotes her Time,
And calls black Inceſt but his *meaneſt* Crime:
Still ſhall he find, in Time of greateſt Need,
The Muſe, a Friend to Truth, a Friend indeed.

WHAT could poſſeſs, my Lord, a Soul like thine,
To wiſh 'midſt *Heads of Colleges* to ſhine?
Such Heads! ſuch mighty Heads! ſuch Men of Parts!
Such Heads!---but pray, my Lord, pray where their *Hearts?*
Their *Hearts*---why, as to that 'tis no great Matter---
Heads without *Hearts*, will ſerve my Turn the better.

LET *Cam*'s bright Sons their Brows with Freedom twine---
Let glorious Freedom *There* immortal ſhine.

The

The Friends of Liberty are Friends to Me---
Whoe'er rule Freemen, ſhould Themſelves be Free---
True---but I've heard---perhaps I'm in the Wrong---
Dependance Sways the Academic Throng----
Sandwich
* * * * * * * is now the Burden of their Song.

And ſhall the Sons, the learned Sons of *Cam*,
Prefer, inglorious, ſuch a *Servile Theme* ?
Shall They not dare, when Honour's Voice is loud,
To quit unhappy Faction's rebel Croud ?
When Virtue calls, ſhall all her Sons be deaf ?
Sandwiches
Will no one ſoothe the pious H* * * * * * * * *'s Grief ?
Yes.----There is One---who, in the Rank of Fame,
Hangs up to Virtue, a deſerved Name ;
Yes.----There is One---who, proud of Honour's work,
Owns her dear Son, nor fears to call him YORKE ;
For Him, let Fortune waver as ſhe will---
Law's Heart is fix'd---Virtue is Virtue ſtill----.

PRIDE was not made for Man---much leſs for thoſe
Who wear Religion's garb---who fondly choſe
(E'er rank Promotion knit the Prieſtly Brow)
The Path of chaſte Morality---but now
Behold, (Things paſſing Strange, yet paſſing True)
Divines can make a *Saint* of M*******e!

OFT have I heard Thee, S****, on Courtly Days,
Prattle with Courtly Men in Courtly Lays---
Cringe, creep, and fawn to Dukes, and Earls, and Lords,
And barter Senſe Divine for Lordly Words---
Oft have thy *ſweet* Harmonics, *ſweeteſt Book!*
In which thy *tuneful* Sons ſcarce deign to look,
Oft has it lull'd aſleep (ah! damned Sin!)
The Soul, which Muſic lov'd to dwell within.
Oft has it puzzled ableſt Heads than Mine---
I leave to *dull Preceptors Space* and *Line.*

What

What could engage Thee, (at a Time, when Vice
Rears her broad Head---when ******* to entice
Hearts,---good, and great, and nobler, than his own,
By Force, by Fraud, by Flatt'ry builds his Throne.)
What could engage Thee---(was thy End Applauſe?)
To ſtand the Foremoſt in ſo foul a Cauſe?---
When Age is Pander to a vitious Soul,
When half-ſtarv'd Stateſmen act without Controul,
When ******* hopes to fill an H********'s Seat,
And none but Villains are the Good and Great;
When *Antiquarians* marry *buxom Wives*,
And Mary's Church becomes a Den of Thieves;
Then (for the Time draws nigh, the Hour's at Hand
When cloath'd in Thunder, GOD will ſtrike this Land)
Thoſe Schools which flouriſh'd under H*********'s Care,
Will ſoon Decay when ******** takes the Chair.
Whom do I ſee puff'd up with Lawn and Pride,
Veering to both, yet true to neither Side?

Sheene Bp. of Chester

That pamper'd Prelate---that ambitious Man---
Whoſe Fortune roſe on Education's Plan.
Whoſe quaint Ideas, whoſe unpoliſh'd Stile,
Declare, He came from ſome far Northern Iſle.
Can I Decypher his unmeaning Face,
Devoid of Senſe, but more devoid of Grace?
Can the Muſe Fathom, with her ſimple Art,
A wicked Prelate's dark and *double* Heart?
To *Conſcience* I reſign the keener Probe---
Conſcience will ſpeak, tho' Thunder ſhook the Globe.

Squire Bp. of St. Davids

TELL me---Thou upſtart, proud, ungen'rous Wretch!
Thou ſecond C---t!---Who didſt vilely ſtretch
Thy Pow'r beyond its Line---who didſt forſake,
Inhumanly forſake *(yet are frail Mortals Weak)*
The kind, but old N------e yet the ſame Sun
(Its glorious Courſe it never more ſhall run)

Which

Which ſhone on good Cornwallis--did not fail
To ſtrew your way with flow'rs--and entail
Bleſſings on You and Yours,--yet didſt Thou,
When Friends forſook him *(Friends* no longer now)
Like Gonerill, a *Stranger* to his Name,
Join in the Cry, and damn his wither'd Fame.
If ſuch there lives--if ſuch a Man there be--
Truth *dares* to tell the World--[redacted] ****'s He.

Court Chaplains (great their Merits I allow)
Creep into Favour, as in Grace they grow.
The *ambuſh'd* Wig, and Band of formal Cut;
Th' intriguing Smile, and K*****'s *nameleſs* Strut,
Will ſerve to make, without much Senſe and Knowledge,
A Chaplain of young George, broke looſe from College.
But am I then, when Conſcience tells me nay,
Conſtrain'd to raiſe a Muſhroom of To-day,

Upon that Throne, where Learning ſat inſtall'd---
While conſcious Folly, liſt'ning, ſtood appall'd?
When Vice, like an Uſurper, does appear;
Prieſts in the Van, and *Catch-Clubs* in the Rear;
Am I *conſtrain'd* to raiſe my Voice on high,
And join with ******* Hubbard of Lm: Col. in the Patriot Cry?
No.---Tho' a Dungeon, dark as Hell, confin'd
And rack'd this Mortal [redacted]--my ſteady Mind
Still free and unimpair'd, ſhould nobly brave
The chilling Thought of an unhallow'd Grave.
May cold and ſickly Pen'ry be my Lot--
Deſpis'd, and on ſome mountain left to Rot--
Curs'd, by my Foes--forſaken by my Friends--
Damn'd, and tormented by a thouſand Fiends--
If ever I'm *diſpos'd* to raiſe on high
My Voice--and join the weak, dependant Cry.--

STAND forth, Thou Monſter of amphibious Breed!
Say, can'ſt Thou boaſt one, ſingle, virtuous Deed?
Review thy actions paſt---thy preſent ſcan--
Think of thy idle miniſterial Plan.
Say, where can a diſtemper'd Stateſman find
A Remedy for a diſorder'd Mind?
Where ſhall He fly, when Conſcience holds the Glaſs,
When Terror and Diſmay before him paſs;
When Juſtice, like a Sheriff, does await
His Steps, and points to his Life's lateſt Date!--
A midnight Cellar ſhall, in Time of Grief
His ſureſt Friend, afford him quick Relief.
There, as in Jeſt, nor deem him but in ſport,
Sandwich
******** and Comus hold their drunken Court.

Sumner
THOU fawning Paraſite! Thou wretched Tool!
Thou proud Coloſſus of a Royal School!

Say, what cou'd move thee to betray a Neice,
To ſell her Honour, and to wound her Peace?
Think of the Tye of Nature--think of Her
Who once was honeſt, as ſhe once was dear.
You *ſold* your Niece--and wouldſt thou ſell thy Child?
Oh tell me (Satire's Voice is too, too mild)
Would'ſt thou condemn her to a Stateſman's Arms,
And for a *Mitre* truck her Maiden Charms?

HEAVEN (whoſe Deſigns are far beyond the Ken
Of Mortal Eye--which ſees not where, or when
Its Vengeance will alight--) does for a Time
Forgive, ſo Mercy wills, the fouleſt Crime.
May ſweet Repentance probe your canker'd Heart,
And quick-ey'd Conſcience act the Surgeon's Part.
May Virtue (but alas! I fear ſhe's dead,
Nor more will raiſe her now-forgotten Head)

If She ſtill lives within *King*'s ſacred Walls,
If yet ſhe dwells in Colleges or Halls,
May ſhe ſpeak Peace--- ſo Virtue does award---
And teach e'en ~~Sumner~~, ſhe's her own Reward.

When daring Spirits climb Rebellion's Height,
And proudly bear unbridled Faction's Weight;
When the great Soul, unmindful of its Fate,
Braves puny Laws, and damns a rotten State;
Shall not our L^{rn}*g (for Honour's a meer Word)
Weild, like great Hector, *Oppoſition's Sword?*
Shall not our L^{rn}**g go forth, our mighty L**g,
And chaunt, triumphant chaunt, Rebellion's Song?

There was a Time---ſome nineteen Years ago---
When Britain ſicken'd at her Childrens Woe.
There was a Time---when the poor beggar'd Scot
(Scenes now are chang'd, and their's an happier Lot)

Renounc'd

Renounc'd that true Allegiance, which ſupports
England's bright Crown, and Europe's diff'rent Courts.
Are Scots *now loyal?* aſk old Pembroke's Lord.
Are Scots turn'd *Courtiers?* L** g has paſt his Word.
Promotion foots it *now* with *Lairds* and *Lads*,
And Rebel Scots wear Silk inſtead of *Plaids.*

WHERE are thoſe Men, thoſe worthy Men of Note,
Who fought for Freedom, and for Freedom wrote?
Where are thoſe Souls, ſtamp'd in a *Sidney*'s Mould,
Who wept when Liberty was bought and ſold?
When *venal Counties* were not even known,
And GEORGE the Father of his Country ſhone;
E're *Eſſex* falſe to Tory C---ſ---s prov'd---
E're L---ſquander'd, what Old D---y lov'd;
E're *Jockey* ******* did in Senates ſhine,
Or, with his *Grace* and ******* *Freemen* dine;

E're

E're he diſgrac'd a *********'s Pedigree,
E're he foreſaw a *bitter Foe* in Me.
E're he was taught to *whiſtle* and to ſpeak,
Or the *pale* ***** inſtructed him in Greek,
Theſe, Truth informs me, are alaſs no more!
And WILKES now wears the Crown which HAMPDEN wore.

SHEW me the Man, who, proud of many a Scar,
Undaunted, rides upon the Back of War;
Whoſe princely Virtues, tho' neglected, ſhine;
And gild, and long ſhall gild the BRUNSWICK Line;
Who ſtill, born for his Country's Weal, ſhall dare,
When Britain weeps, to ſhed a Patriot Tear.
He (whom the Laws of ermin'd Juſtice guide,
Whoſe Royal Bark braves Faction's rapid Tide;
When, poor as proud, the long-lov'd Fav'rite Thane,
On Britain's Ruins builds a Scottiſh Fane)

Shall, when the Time demands it, boldly prove
A *Britiſh* WILLIAM ſhares a *Briton*'s *Love.*

CURS'd be the Courts, and thoſe whom Courts controul;
Where Meanneſs ſkulks beneath a Stateſman's Soul:
Where *Blood-hound Rapine*, to compleat the Play,
Borrows the Name of Juſtice for a Day;
Where idly ſaunt'ring, cloath'd in Flatt'ry's Guiſe,
The *Band Intrigue* betrays the Good and Wiſe;
Where pale Debauchery, at Beauty's Feet,
Is known to fawn, and like a Slave intreat;
Where Honour, like a worn-out Soldier, hears,
With ſtern Contempt, the Villain count his Fears;
Where grinning Conſcience gnaws her Fleſh in vain,
And rubs, or ſeems to rub, her bloody Stain;
Where baſe Ingratitude, in C--l--'s Shape,
Sows the *Contempt*, which H--ll--d lives to reap;

Where

Where Av'rice, like a ſtarv'd and rav'nous Whore,
Strips the poor Cull of *All*, yet ſighs for more;
Where dim-ey'd Pride, with Folly in his Hand,
O'ercharg'd with ill-earn'd Honours, takes his Stand;
Where humble Merit, in a tatter'd Dreſs,
Whiſpers his Wants, and wiſhes They were leſs;
While *ſervile Ignorance* but laughs to ſee
Merit in *One*, who *talks* and *writes* like *Me*.

Ye *ſupple Academicks!*---hear my Charge---
Fly to the Port where ******** rides at large;
Kneel One and All---and hail the Riſing Sun:
Kneel One and All--- the glorious Work's begun.
Let S---d fiddle, and Frog W---r dance---
His Phyſick Garden let him leave to Chance.
Ye bowing Doctors, ſo ſerene and mild!
Ye trifling Things, the learned CAPUT ſtil'd!

Prepare,

Prepare, prepare a Lord High Steward's Robe---
All hail, the *Lord Anointed* of the *Mob!*
All ſhall their *Namby Pamby Songs* prepare;
None ſhall bemoan an H*******'s vacant Chair.
Ran^da^l ſhall lead the Band with *Daniel Cooper*;
Or, *Fie! nay, prythee John*; or *Jack's a Toper.*
The vaulted Roofs re-echo the bright Theme,
And *Swans*, with *Catches*, float a-down the Stream.
But ah! no more ſhall *Cam* hear *Freedom*'s Voice:
Candour no more will juſtify her Choice.

Is there a Man---in this degen'rate Age,
Whoſe glorious Title ſwells the Britiſh Page;
Who dares be honeſt---and yet knowing this,
To be a M----e would not be leſs;
Whoſe *only Crime* is Patriotick Zeal---
Who feels for Others, what himſelf doth feel;

Who (when the Puppet Faſhion trips from France,
And joins with Folly in the *Proteus* Dance;
When Homebred, puling L--ds, and *ſuch ſtrange Things*,
Exchange their Liberties for Sticks and Strings)
Diſdains to mingle in the thoughtleſs Croud,
Who, poor in *Subſtance*, of the *Shade* are proud.
Is there a Man---whom Virtue does inſpire,
Who *yet* laments a much lov'd, honour'd Sire;
That worthy Sire, who once, as Fame reports,
Was an emblazon'd Honour to thoſe Courts
Where Juſtice reigns, where Henly now preſides,
And Truth a Glyn's impartial Judgment guides.
Where, to ſupport the Pillars of a State,
H[and riche]********, the envy'd Son of Juſtice, ſat.

Is there a Man---whom Education knows---
Where Learning triumphs, and where a Science grows,

Whom T---d honours, and who, late and long,

Shall, conſcious of his Worth, be dear to Y---g.

If ſuch there be--- let Camus' Sons combine

For H********'s Head a glorious Wreathe to twine.

For Him, ſhall Freedom's Sons prepare the Way;

For Him, ſhall Maſon form the *ſtudied* Lay;

For Him, ſhall L**t diſplay his *Hodge Podge* Greek,

And *Johnian Pigs harmoniouſly* ſqueak.

E'en *Iſrael's Son*, in Numbers *all Divine*,

For Him, ſhall unintelligible ſhine;

And *rumbling*, *rough*, *unpolliſh'd* R----,

Torture Divinity to ſhew his Worth.

Shall Freedom Holy Trinity diſown,

When She is told, her Will is not her *Own?*

With Joy her *pliant* Sons old S***h approves,

And H----e pities what a L******** loves.

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FINIS.